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A Selection of temperence melodies

Helston [England]

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A SELECTION OF

TEMPERANCE

MELODIES,

AS SUNG BY

JOSEPH HAZELHURST,

THE LONDON CHIMNEY SWEEP.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

HELSTON:

PRINTED BY R. WOOLCOCK, MENEAGE STREET.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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MELODIES.

IT WILL NEVER DO TO GIVE IT UP SO.

AMERICAN.

AIR.—"*It will never do to give it up so.*"

We've fought the battle very long,
And now we'll sing a little song,
To raise our spirits getting low,
For it won't do to give it up so.
It'll never do to give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so, Oh no,
It will never do to give it up so.

We've had a hard and lengthy race,
We still keep on the same old pace;
So long as Rum shall lay men low
It will never do to give it up so.
It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've met misfortunes on our way,
But they have failed our course to stay;
We still keep moving on the track,
And never think of turning back.
It will never do to give it up so, &c.

'Tis true we've lost some one or two,
Who could not keep from getting blue;
But now's the time to help them along,
And sing to them the words of the song,
It will never do to give it up so, &c.

If you have tumbled off the track,
Have broke the pledge, and on your back,
Don't give it up, but try again;
Come, sign once more, and still be a man.
It will never do to give it up so, &c.

Those who sell the liquor, too,
We have a word to say to you;
Better away your liquor throw,
For we will never give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've tried it hard, we've tried it long,
We've tried the speech, we've tried the song,
We've tried the mouth, we've tried the pen,
If they wont do we'll try them again.
It will never do to give it up so, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AIR.—"*The Troubadour.*"

Softly the drunkard's wife breatheth her prayer,
Sadly her bosom heaves wild with despair;
Saying, for thee I pine, mourning alone,
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

He, with the revellers, merrily sung,
Wildly he raised his voice madly in song;
She in a mourning voice blended her tone,
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear,
See how her up-turned eye melts with the tear;
Wife of my bosom, see! I am come!
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home.

Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day,
Drunkard no longer, her husband is come,
Happiness, happiness, brightens their home!

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

AIR.—"*O'er the Green Sea.*"

As on we pass through devious way,
While round our path the fierce winds play;
To nerve our arm, to cheer our way,
We blithly sing this roundelay:
We'll win the day!
We'll win the day!
Then on we'll go right merrily, merrily.

When public houses rear on high
Their heads against a smiling sky,
We'll heed them not—but still we'll say,
Forward! my lads, we'll win the day!
We'll win the day!

When drunkards reeling through the street,
In all their sin we sadly meet;
We'll kindly speak, we'll deeply pray,
And shout in their ears, we'll win the day!
We'll win the day!

If cowards should refuse to raise
Their hand or voice to give us praise,
We'll not heed their reckless way;
But forward rush to win the day.
We'll win the day!

Or should they give a worthless name,
And break away to bring us shame,
We'll call them back their part to play;
But whether or no we'll win the day.
We'll win the day!

The sailor on the ocean foam,
Far from friends, away from home,
Shall lend a hand our foe to slay,
And join with us to win the day.
We'll win the day!

Thus on we pass a world to move
By cries, entreaties, tears, and love,
And come what may to stop our way,
We'll win! we'll win! we'll win the day!
We'll win the day!
We'll win the day!
On, on we'll go right merrily, merrily.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

J. B. GOUGH.

AIR.—"*Long, Long Ago.*"

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago—long, long ago?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,
Long, long ago— long, long ago?
Friends that I loved, in the grave are laid low,
Hopes that I cherish'd are fled from me now;
I am degraded, for rum was my foe,
Long, long ago; long long, ago.

Sally, my wife, bow'd her beautiful head,
Long, long ago; long, long ago;
Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead,
Long, long ago; long, long ago;
She was an angel, my love and my guide,—
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart, it was well that she died,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth,
Long, long ago; long long ago;
I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
Long, long ago; long, long ago;
Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day!
Oh, for the joys that were purer than they!
Oh, for the hours I have squandered away!
Long, long ago; long, long ago.

THE STUDENT IN LONDON.

AIR.—"*The Bay of Biscay.*"

It was in dark November,
One cold and foggy night,
The link-boys, I remember,
Supplied their lurid light;
When we the Student found
Full length upon the ground,
Where he lay, floored they say,
By the might of Whisky O.

We rais'd him from the gutter,
And for policemen sent,
Who put him on a shutter,
And to the lock-up went;
They stretch'd him on the floor,
(And son'rous he did snore,)
Where he lay till next day,
Through the might of Whisky O.

Through crowds he next was hurried,
T' appear before the Mayor;
He looked confoundly flurried,
And folks did at him stare.
With grave and solemn frown,
The Bench fined him a crown,
Which that day he did pay,
Through the might of Whisky O.

Again at night we saw him,
With flannels round his head;
The counterpane was o'er him;
He own'd himself half dead;
His head with aches ajar,
His throat sore with catarrah,—
There he lay—till next day,
Through the might of Whisky O.

The landlady, with gruel,
By his bedside stood!

Remonstrance then was cruel,
For tears pour'd in a flood;
But light broke on his mind,
The Temp'rance Pledge he sign'd—
From that day, ne'er to play
With the might of Whisky O.

I'VE HEARD THE PRAISE OF ROSY WINE.

AIR.—"*The Rose of Allendale.*"

I've heard the praise of rosy wine,
In dulcet measure sung:
And oft, with wild and loud applause,
The festive hall has rung.
Let drunkards wake their noisy harps,
And Bacchus' praises sing,—
By far the sweetest drink for me
Is water from the spring.
Is water from the spring, &c.

Whene'er I wander from my home,
How distant, far, or wide,
I fear no danger on my way,
While Temperance is my guide;
While here my cource I fearless steer,
Secure beneath her wing;
And health and happiness enjoy,
By water from the spring,
By water from the spring, &c.

She shelters me from all the ills
The drunkard knows and feels;
The bruised reed she does not break—
The wounded spirit heals;
And when, at last, life's journeys o'er,
That sweet repose she'll bring—
Like infant's sleep—as sweet and pure
As water from the spring.
As water from the spring.

PADDY GREEN.

I once knew a drunkard, and his name was Paddy Green,
But he is not a drunkard now;
He found that by drink he deluded had been,
So he made this solemn vow,—
That he'd throw down the bottle and the glass,
And take up the pledge-book and pen,
And sign, and sign, and sign, and sign,
To be a sober man!

His features they were bloated, and his nose was very red,
His eyes were blood-shot and dim,
His crownless hat was cocked on his head,
And a short pipe stuck in the rim,—
Till he threw down the bottle and the glass,
And took up the pledge-book and pen,
And sign'd, and sign'd, and sign'd, and sign'd,
To be a sober man!

Poor Paddy, when at home, lived in a cellar damp,
The walls were dirty and bare;
A candle in a bottle he used for a lamp,
And he had neither table or chair,
Till he threw down, &c.

His window was patched with paper and with rags,
His genius never did fail,
The bricks from the floor he used for a seat,
His table was a shutter on a pail,
Till he threw down, &c.

His bed was of straw covered over with sacks,
Not very new nor clean;
His covering the old clothes taken off his back,—
Such was the Home of poor Paddy Green,
Till he threw down, &c.

Paddy when drunk, a reformer would be,
Talk of freedom, the rights, and the laws;
But when at home a brutal tyrant was he,
Till he joined the Temp'rance cause,
Till he threw down, &c.

A true self-reform was now Paddy's intent,
Determined by his efforts to rise;
Instead of wishing the franchise lowered to his rent,
He has hired a house to meet the franchise,
Since he threw down, &c.

His looks are intelligent, his clothes too are neat,
To learning and fame he aspires;
Instead of Paddy the drunkard, reeling through the street,
It's become Patrick Green, Esquire,
Since he's thrown down, &c.

Poor drinker degraded, of reason bereft,
Too long behind you have been;
If there is but a spark of manhood left,
Come and act like poor Paddy Green,
And throw down the bottle and the glass,
And take up the pledge-book and pen,
And sign, and sign, and sign, and sign,
To be a sober man.

THE RESOLVE.

AIR.—"*Woodman spare that Tree.*"

We've flung away the bowl,
With all the sparkling wine;
The draughts are poison to the soul,
Though brightly they may shine,
The wine-cup wreath'd a spell
Round palace, hall, and cot,
In all their strength they sadly fell,
And we will touch it not.

The red wine conquer'd those
Whose glory and renown
Had shone amidst a thousand foes,
And trod the invaders down.
Their names, the great, the brave,
Rang on from shore to shore;
They drank the red wine's burning wave,
And all their fame was o'er.

And lands for whom the gay
The sparkling wreaths did twine,
Like phantoms have they pass'd away
Before the waves of wine.
The column, arch, and throne,
All own'd its magic spell—
A touch—and they were overthrown;
The wine-cup rang their knell.
Are we not wise to shun
The red wine's fated light?
Lest that which millions hath undone
Our name and fame should blight.
Lest that by which they fell
Should brood above our cot,—
We break at once the wine-cup spell—
Our hand shall touch it not.

THE TEETOTAL SHIP.

AIR.—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

Our ship is afloat, on the broad flowing wave,
And her proud pennant streams o'er the faithful and brave
Our captain is Truth, and while manned by the free,
What crew, nay! what men are so happy as we?
Teetotal's our ship, Teetotallers our men;
Steady, boys, steady, and always be ready,
To rescue poor drunkards again and again.

To the ends of the earth, then, our vessel shall go,
With light at her mast and goodwill at her prow:
Her foes shall retire, as they see how she flies,
Like a bird when it spreadeth its wings to the skies.
Teetotal's our ship, &c.

They told us that soon, when the battle came on,
Her colours she'd strike, and her courage be gone;
They knew not how proudly the war flag she'd rear,
Nor a bosom on board her indulge in a fear.
Teetotal's our ship, &c.

Though the tempest roars loud, as she floats on her way,
She breasts the dread billows, though fiercely they play;
And proudly she rides o'er the wild foaming wave,
To scare the destroyer, the helpless to save.
Teetotal's our ship, &c.

Come on board her to-night, there is plenty of room,
Lo, the pledge-book is hoisted a light at her boom;
The breezes of heaven, how softly they play,
And the cheers of the brave, speed our ship on her way.
Teetotal's our ship, &c.

COME, BROTHER, COME AWAY.

AIR.—"*Happy Land.*"

Come, Brother, come away—Flee from your snare;
Why will you longer stay, So near despair!
Yet there is hope for you,
Brighter days appear in view—
Oh, another way pursue,
Sign, Brother, sign.

Why not at once be free: Why will you die?—
Oh, you may happy be—Try, brother, try,
Here you may a refuge find;
Here you may ease your mind;
Come, leave your foe behind,
Come, come away.

Oh, how your children weep; Hear their sad cry?
Why in such misery keep—Why, brother why?
Brighten their gloomy day,
Wipe their sad tears away;
Oh, brother, don't delay,
In this sad hour.

Oh, hear a mother's prayer, Lonely and sad:
Now crushed with dreadful care—Oh, make her glad.
Dry up her burning tear—
Oh, ease her mighty care,
Save her from sad despair;—
Hear, brother, hear.

Think of the burning pit, Near which you stand;
Altho' not fallen yet, Death is at hand;
Rise, ere it be too late,
Soon will come the drunkard's fate—
Oh, now your folly hate,
Don't, don't delay.

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

'Why Dermot, you look healthy now,
Your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about,—
Oh, tell me where you've been.
Your wife and children are they well?
You once did use them strange;
Oh, are you kinder grown?
How came this happy change?'

'It was a dream, a warning voice,
Which Heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse,
Grim want and misery.
My wages were all spent in drink,—
Oh, what a wretched view!
I almost broke my Mary's heart,
And starved my children too;

'What was my wife or home to me?
I heeded not her sigh;
Her patient smile oft welcomed me
When tears bedimm'd her eye.
My children, too, have oft awoke,—
"O, father dear," they 've said,
"Poor mother has been weeping so,
Because we've had no bread."

'My Mary's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eye;
On straw my babes in sickness laid,
I heard their wailing cry.

I laugh'd and sang, in drunken joy,
While Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep,
And had this warning dream:—

'I thought once more I stagger'd home—
There seem'd a solemn gloom!
I miss'd my wife—where can she be?
And strangers in the room!
I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead,
She led a wretched life,
Grief and want did break her heart,
Who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

'I saw my children weeping round,
I scarcely drew my breath;
They knelt and kiss'd her lifeless form,
For ever still'd in death:
"Oh! father, come and wake her up,
The people say she's dead:
Oh, make her smile and speak once more—
We'll never cry for bread!"

'"She is not dead," I frantic cried,
And rush'd to where she lay,
And madly kiss'd her once warm lips,
For ever cold as clay:
"Oh, Mary, speak one word to me!
No more I'll cause you pain;
No more I'll grieve your loving heart,
Nor ever drink again.

'"Dear Mary! speak, 'tis Dermot calls"—
"Why so I do," she cried!—
I woke—and true my Mary dear
Was kneeling by my side!
I press'd her to my throbbing heart
While joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've Heaven bless'd
For sending me that dream!'

LOVE SHALL BE THE CONQUEROR.

AIR.—"*Weel may the keel row.*"

As I awoke one morning,
While yet the stars were burning,
To my poor soul yearning,
I heard an angel sing—
Love shall be the conqueror,
Love shall be the conqueror,
Love shall be the conqueror,
And drive away the sin.

What though the world 's in slavery,
Beneath the grasp of knavery,
With these bold words of bravery,
We 'll make the whole world ring—
Love shall be the conqueror.

A laugh may taunt the faithless,
A storm may daunt the breathless,
But we through all are scatheless—
And let them laugh who win;
Love shall be the conqueror.

By Faith, by Hope, by Patience,
We 'll spread the Truth of Temperance;
By love, by Light, by Diligence,
We 'll usher Virtue in;
And Love shall be the conqueror.

The drunkard's chain is broken,
The word of peace is spoken,
The pledge book is the token,
That bright days shall begin,
And Love shall be the conqueror.

And hark! the pealing chorus,
Angels are hovering o'er us,
The just men gone before us,
We hear their spirits sing,
Love shall be the conqueror.

Hurrah! the day is dawning,
The day-star is returning;
So downward thro' the morning,
We 'll drive away the sin,
And Love shall be the conqueror,
Love shall be the conqueror,
And drive away the sin.

A LIFE IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

AIR.—"*A life on the Ocean Wave.*"

A life in the Temperance cause,
So far from the drunkard's woes,
Where pure cold water pours,
And a healthful stream overflows:
I have felt the woe and pain
Of a drunkard's fearful life,
But now I am free again,
With joy and peace I am rife.
CHO.—A life in the Temperance cause.

Once more as a man I stand,
No more in grief I pine;
Farewell, ye drinking band,
Your doom is no more mine;
Like a mountain bird set free,
Far behind I leave your thrall,
Brighter scenes I hope to see,
My home among them all.
CHO.—A life in the Temperance cause.

Here now my joys overflow,
My home is bright and fair,
Those tearful ones, I know,
Now smile to meet me there;
Then join each sorrowing one
With me, and gladly ring
The song triumphant round,
While joyfully we sing.
CHO.—A life in the Temperance cause.

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

AIR —"*To all you Ladies now on land.*"

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
When truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live is joy and peace;
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her cause maintains;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Though Interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard;
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak have strove against the strong,
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh give not o'er, until once more,
The righteous cause prevail.
The brave and the true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view
And the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be:
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

BEGONE, STRONG DRINK.

AIR.—"*Begone, Dull Care.*"

Begone, strong drink,
I pray thee begone from me;
Begone, strong drink,
Thou and I shall never agree:
Long time thou hast been tampering here,
And fain thou would'st me kill;
But I 'm resolv'd, but I 'm resolved,
Thou never shalt have thy will.
My wife and children all shall sing,
And merrily pass the day,
For I own it's one of the wisest things
To drive strong drink away.
Away, away, &c.

If you drink beer,
It will make your hair grow grey;
If you drink beer,
It will turn you into clay;
Strong beer has long beguil'd our youth,
And strove our age to kill;
But I 'am resolv'd, but I 'm resolved,
Thou never shalt have thy will.
The wide world in joy shall sing,
And merrily pass the day,
For we own it's one of the wisest things
To drive strong drink away.
Away, away, &c.

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